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History of the Lutheran Church of Frederick, Md.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

Old Lutheran Church of Frederick, Md.

BY REV. GEO. DIEHL, A. M.

On the 2d of December, 1855, being the last Sabbath Service
in the Old Church.

“Who is left among you that saw this house in her first glory?
And how do you see it now?”—*Haggai* 2 : 3.

GETTYSBURG:

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DISCOURSE.

As we are about taking our leave of this house of worship, as a Sabbath congregation,¹ it is proper that we should pause and look back. The connection of the congregation with this edifice will now be chiefly in its past history. Hereafter this house will be a mere appendage to the larger and more elegant church about to be consecrated to God. When the traveller has gained some overlooking height, which commands a view of the entire road he has traversed, he instinctively lingers for a time, while his eye takes in the sweep of plains, hills and forests, and traces back the thread of his course, as it winds along the banks of silvery streams, through fertile vales and smiling villages, to the point from which he set out. When a man has reached some important transition in his life, he reflects cautiously on the events of his past journey, before he launches upon the future. So wisdom dictates that corporate associations should at times review the past, survey their own history, catch and treasure up the fleeting colors of the events and characters that have appeared upon the stage, and now gone forever behind the curtain. The past, in all its minute details, is important, because it has influenced the present, and will continue to send its influence into the future. "The smallest thing becomes respectable when regarded as the commencement of what has advanced or is advancing into magnificence. The first rude settlement of Romulus would have been an insignificant circumstance, and might justly have sunk into oblivion, if Rome had not at length commanded the world. The little rill near the source of one of the great American rivers, is an interesting object to the traveller, who is

¹ This discourse was delivered in the old Lutheran church of Frederick, on December 2, 1855, the last Sabbath it was occupied by the congregation.

apprised as he steps across it, or walks a few miles along its banks, that this is the stream which runs so far, and which gradually swells into so immense a flood. So while I anticipate the endless progress of life, and wonder through what unknown scenes it is to take its course, its past years lose that character of vanity which would seem to belong to a train of fleeting, perishing moments, and I see them assuming the dignity of a commencing eternity. In them I have begun to be that conscious existence which I am to be through infinite duration; and I feel a strange emotion of curiosity about this little life in which I am setting out on such a progress." A similar importance attaches to the early events and characters in the history of a christian congregation. They have transmitted an influence to us, which we will send, blended with our own, to posterity. A church that has existed for a century, and may run its existence into the future till all separate associations shall be blended in the one glorious body of Christ, has a life also; and a sketch, imperfect though it be, of its small beginning and gradual growth, cannot be without interest.

The records of this church take us back in its history to the 22nd of August, 1737. German families of the Lutheran church, must have settled in this neighborhood several years earlier, perhaps about 1729 or 1730. Frederick was laid out as a town, in September, 1745, by Mr. Patrick Dulany. Its streets were intended to run due north and south, east and west, but from the clumsiness of the wooden instruments used in the survey, the object was not accomplished. In 1748, on the formation of the new county of Frederick, this was made the county town; and from that time continued to increase in wealth, population and influence. Rev. Dr. Mayer, who has examined with great care all accessible records on the early history of the Germans in this country, says, "Monocacy was the name of the region of country situated on both sides of the stream of that name, agreeably to the custom of the Indians, who gave the names of streams to the countries which they drained. The first German settlement in Maryland was

made in this region, between the Monocacy and the mountain, at the place where Fredericktown subsequently arose."

This country was then a wilderness, on the outskirts of civilization. An immense forest covered this fertile valley, inhabited, or traversed as a hunting-ground by the Indians. The men that came here to subdue the forest and cultivate the soil, were a hardy race. They had left the home of their childhood and kindred in Europe, to seek a residence in this western world. Dark, untamed forests were here, the home of savage men and wild animals; the wolf, the panther, the bear and the deer. But here they settled, reared their rude dwellings, and commenced to clear the ground. From the summit of the Catoctin mountain, the eye of the Indian, as it swept the range of this beautiful valley, soon saw the luxuriant woods dotted here and there with fields, and the smoke curling gracefully among the branches of the trees, as it ascended from the white man's hut. The sound of the woodman's axe and saw, and the cheerful voices of children gave life to the scene, and bore to the ear of the savage unmistakable proof, that the tide of civilization rolling westward, would soon sweep him from the soil that sepulchred the ashes of a long ancestry.

Those hardy, industrious, and honest Germans, brought with them their Bible, their hymnbook, and a few devotional works. As soon as a sparsely settled community had formed around them, they sent word across the ocean, home to Germany, to the ministers of their faith, that here were scattered sheep of the fold—souls hungering for the word of life, children to be baptized, communicants to be fed, young penitents to be confirmed, blooming youth to be united in wedlock, and dying members of Christ's body to be buried. And there were hearts in the Fatherland to respond to the appeal. Muhlenberg and others heard the Macedonian cry, and came to this new country to break to the famishing flock the bread of life.

On the 31st of October, 1746, Rev. Gabriel Naesman, pastor of the Lutheran church of Vicaco, in Philadelphia, visited this place, preached in "the new town of Monocacy," bapti-

zed one young man, nineteen years of age, and six children. Before this, the congregation, although organized, kept no church record. This minister took up a subscription to raise a sufficient sum to purchase a large and substantially bound church record book, which was procured before he left the place. In this book he states the fact of his preaching here at the time, and of his performing those baptisms, which constitutes the first entry upon our records. The deacons and school teacher were then instructed by him to make an entry of his baptisms, and the ministerial acts that had been performed in the congregation at a prior date. It is therefore apparent that Lutheran ministers must have visited the place before that time. The baptisms which they performed, could have been recorded only in their private journals, and in family Bibles. From these private sources the teacher and deacons collected fifty-four baptisms, of a date prior to Mr. Naesman's visit in October, 1746, and recorded them in the church book.

The first baptism upon record, is that of George Frederick Unsult, son of Frederick Unsult, born on the 6th of August, 1737, and baptized on the 22nd of the same month; at which baptism Rev. Mr. Wolf's name appears as sponsor. The probability is that he administered the ordinance and stood as sponsor; but of what denomination he was a clergyman, whether Lutheran, German Reformed or Episcopalian, does not appear. It is not known that any of the descendants of those fifty-four persons whose names occur in that early list of baptisms, are now living in this community. But from 1746 to 1763, the record bears among others, the familiar names of Bechtel, Schley, Culler, Angelberger and Metzgar.

On the 24th of June, 1747, in the reign of King George II, a constitution was adopted, and signed by the church wardens, John George Lay, John Stirtzman, John Michael Roemer, George Michael Hoffman, Peter Appel and Henry Six, and twenty-six additional communicants, in all thirty-four male members. The constitution states that the congregation had been distracted by men who styled themselves Lutheran ministers, but could produce no certificate of ordination by

any Lutheran Consistory or Ministry. It was enacted, therefore, that from that date, no man should preach in the church who cannot furnish the requisite credentials of ordination and character, nor without the consent of the wardens.

Another article granted the use of the church to regularly ordained German Reformed ministers. It would seem that in 1747 the German Reformed brethren were without a house of worship; but they built one during that and the following year.

This constitutes the first epoch in the history of this congregation—the period of some twenty-five years prior to the French and Indian war. A few years after Frederick was laid out, we find here a Lutheran church and congregation of at least thirty-four male members, but without a pastor, and dependent upon occasional visitors for ministerial service. Those were the frontier men—the pioneers of civilization and christianity. The province of Maryland then (1748) contained a population of one hundred and thirty thousand souls, chiefly in the lower counties, and on the eastern shore. Westward stretched one unbroken wilderness, and Indians inhabited the mountains within a few miles of Frederick.¹ We know very little of the founders of this church, beyond the fact that theirs was the common lot. We know

“That joy and grief and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in their breast;
Their bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits’ rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by them,
For these are felt by all.

They suffered—but their pangs are o’er;
Enjoyed—but their delights are fled;
Had friends—their friends are now no more;
And foes—their foes are dead.

They loved—but whom they loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb;
Their brides were fair: but nought could save
Their beauty from the tomb.”

¹ See Schlatter’s Journal.

The second epoch extends from 1750 to 1770—the period of the Indian war and twelve subsequent years. The archives of the church contain the original deed, dated May 30, 1752, of Daniel Dulany to Conrad Grosh and Frederick Un-sult, granting a lot to the congregation for the erection of a house of worship, to be built and completed before the 29th of May, 1757. About six years afterward, on the 21st of August, 1758, the elder Daniel Dulany having deceased, at the request of Rev. Barnabas Michael Housel, a confirmatory deed was obtained from Daniel Dulany, son of the former, securing the lot to the congregation. The terms of the former grant requiring the completion of the edifice before the 29th of May, 1757, not having been complied with, the second deed was thought to be essential to the validity of the title.

The first church edifice was a log house, afterward converted into a school house, on the ground now occupied by the parsonage. From the language of the deed of the elder Dulany, it is evident that in the spring of 1752, the congregation contemplated the erection of a new house of worship. From the phraseology of the younger Dulany's deed, it is equally clear that the church edifice was not completed within the specified time, viz, May 1757.

In or about the year 1753, the congregation, being still destitute of a pastor, but full of faith and zeal, in reliance upon divine aid, commenced the building of a substantial church, which was the original stone church, the front of which was torn down eighteen months ago, to make room for the new. Those hard-toiling people entered upon the work; young and old, men and women lent a helping hand. The foundation was dug, and the walls reared to the height of five or six feet, when the regular pursuits and business of this new town and settlement were thrown into confusion by the Indian war. Frederick, as the most important frontier town of Maryland, became an important centre of operation for the war. For a time the army was quartered here. Here Governor Sharpe of Maryland met Col. George Washington and Gen. Braddock,

to arrange the plan of the campaign. Hither Benjamin Franklin, Post Master General of the colonies, came to have an interview with the Governor and the officers of the army.

Many stalwart young men, mechanics and laborers, became soldiers, and took up arms in defence of their firesides against a savage foe. All the wagons and teams that could be procured in the country, were hired to transport provisions and implements of war across the mountains. The county records state that the contractors for building the court house, which went up simultaneously with the old Lutheran church, could not procure laborers or wagons to carry on the work, but were obliged to delay it. From the same causes the building of the church was also arrested. There they stood, those unfinished walls, not higher than a man's head, for four or five years, while the sunshine and the rains of heaven, caused the roots of the felled trees to shoot again; so that when the work was resumed, tradition says, a second forest had to be cut down. O that the same consecrated spot may ever be equally fruitful in yielding the plants of righteousness. Just one hundred years ago, our fathers had no other church, than those bare walls, forty-five feet square, and six feet high. It was a time of universal panic. Again and again, the report came of the massacre of whole families in the vallies across the mountain. And no one knew, when he barricaded his wooden dwelling at night, but that when he and his family were asleep, the savage foeman might approach with rifle, and tomahawk, and fire. Before the morning dawned, himself, or wife, or child, might be weltering in their blood. But that war, like other evils, came to an end.

The work was resumed, probably in 1759, and the building carried forward till the walls were up, and the roof stretched over them. The church was dedicated to the service of Almighty God, by Rev. John Christopher Hartwick, on the second Sunday after Trinity, 1762. For nearly a century God's people assembled in that consecrated house, to worship and praise his holy name, and learn the way to heaven. On the second Sunday after Trinity also (rather a remarkable coinci-

dence) 1854, just ninety-two years after its consecration, the congregation was informed that on the next day workmen would commence to tear down one half the church. It was with feelings of pain that we beheld the men lay their hands upon that sacred edifice. Many eyes were moistened with tears when the spire was torn from its lofty place in the air, on Monday, the 27th of June, 1854, and hurled headlong to the earth. In the space of a few weeks we razed to the ground more than half the edifice, which cost our fathers so much anxiety, and toil, and sacrifice; a temple, over the rearing of which, they prayed and wept; an enterprize which, from its incipency to the day of its consecration, occupied many of their best energies for the space of ten years. Another illustration of the truth that all earthly things, even those devoted to the most useful and sacred purposes, are passing away.

During that period of anxiety, while the Indian war was raging, Dr. Muhlenberg, the patriarch of the American Lutheran church, visited this place to comfort and feed the flock. As the old wooden church was no longer in a condition to worship in, he tells us, that the Reformed as well as the Episcopalians, offered him the use of their churches, and he preached in both. After the close of the Indian war, this neighborhood enjoyed some twelve or fifteen years of uninterrupted prosperity. The county was now filling up, the Indians receding farther into the wilderness, and the town growing. This congregation advanced in progress with the community. A year after the consecration of the church, in 1763, a new constitution was adopted, more full and minute in its details than the former. Seventy-eight names are affixed to it.

It was during this second epoch, that the congregation first obtained the services of settled pastors. The first minister in charge mentioned in the church books, was Rev. Barnabas Michael Housel, who had the pastoral care of the church in 1758. Of his history, the writer knows nothing. How long he served the congregation, the records do not show. In what province he was born, when he crossed the ocean, whither he went from this place, where he afterwards labored, and when

he died, we have no means of ascertaining. We only know, that in 1758, he, as bishop of this church, requested of Daniel Dulany a confirmatory deed for the lot on which the church was to be reared and the dead interred.

In 1762 Rev. John Christopher Hartwick was here performing ministerial acts, of which he made a careful record in the church book, exclusively in the Latin language. The congregation offered him a call, and entered into a formal contract, obligating themselves to give him an adequate support, if he would become their pastor. While he held this call in consideration, he went away for a time, and then felt persuaded that another people had a stronger claim upon his services. As he could not at that time enter upon this field of labor, the congregation, perhaps at his suggestion, tendered the pastoral care of the flock to Rev. John Samuel Schwerdtfeger, to whom they transferred the same obligation to provide a salary. This clergyman continued his labors here till 1768, about six years. In December, 1768, Rev. Mr. Hartwick returned to the place, and took the spiritual oversight of the congregation for the space of eight months.

Mr. Hartwick was an original man. His bold chirography and the peculiar style of his entries in the church book, would alone be sufficient to show that their writer had his own way of saying and doing things. All the facts and anecdotes connected with his history, that have come down to us, exhibit him as a man of great eccentricities and strongly marked character. When he served this congregation he was in his fifty-sixth year. He had no family; and it is said that disappointment in love in early life, had soured his mind against the female sex. He was a good and conscientious man, faithful according to his convictions of duty, but unfortunately his eccentricities interfered with his usefulness, and prevented his remaining for any considerable period a settled pastor in any one place. In his will, which is a very singular document, he says of himself, "My name is Johannes Christophorus Hartwig, which the English, according to their dialect, pronounce and write Hardwick," (he sometimes wrote it Hartwick, and in the

Frederick church book, always Hardovicum) "a native of the Dukedom of Saxe Gotha, in the province Thuringia, in Germany, sent hither a missionary preacher of the Gospel, upon petition and call of some Palatine congregations in the then counties of Albany and Dutchess, New York." He came to this country in the capacity of Chaplain to a German regiment in the service of England, during the first French war. He was a member of the first Lutheran Synod held in this country, in 1748. His first pastoral charge was in Hunterdon county, N. J. From there he removed to the city of New York, and thence to Dutchess and Ulster counties, and lived in Rhinebeck. He also preached for a time at the Trappe, Pa., and in Philadelphia. He subsequently removed to the State of New York, where he continued to reside for the rest of his life. A writer in the October number of the Evangelical Review, to whom we are indebted for many of these facts, says: "The manner of his death was singular, and furnishes a remarkable instance of the power of the imagination over the mind. Forty years before his death, the impression from a dream on his birth day that he would live just forty years longer, had become so strong, that he felt persuaded the dream would be fulfilled. As the period fixed upon in his mind approached, all doubt of the certainty of the time was dispelled. On the day preceding his eightieth year, he came to the residence of Hon. J. R. Livingston, his intimate friend, and with whose family he ever enjoyed the most friendly intercourse, and announced that he had come to die at his house. He appeared to be in the full possession of health, and entered freely into religious conversation, and in the evening conducted the devotional exercises of the house. The next morning he breakfasted in apparent health, and engaged in conversation with the family, until the approach of the hour which his imagination had fixed upon as the moment of his departure. This was 11 o'clock in the morning. A few minutes before the time, he requested permission to retire. Mr. Livingston followed him to the room. Just as the clock told the hour, he fell back on his bed and expired." His remains repose in the

Lutheran church of Albany, and an inscription on a marble tablet over his tomb, informs us that he was born on the 6th of January, 1714, and died on the 16th of July, 1796, aged eighty-two years and six months. He left a large estate—thirteen hundred acres of land in the State of New York—which he bequeathed to the Lutheran church, for the establishment of a seminary of learning for training ministers of the Gospel and missionaries. He may thus be regarded as the founder of Hartwick Seminary, which is located upon his land, and endowed by his liberality.

This brings us to the third epoch of the history of this church, viz: the ministry of Rev. John Andrew Krug. The congregation was now to be blessed with the uninterrupted labors of a settled pastor, a godly man, for a period of more than twenty-five years. Mr. Krug administered the Lord's Supper to the congregation in 1770. But the records would seem to indicate that he took the pastoral care of the church on the 28th of April, 1771.

Things assumed a new aspect. The population of the town and surrounding country was increasing. The prosperity of the church was evident to all. The communion list swelled its numbers. Many young persons were added by confirmation. And all things looked encouraging, until the horrors of war once more swept over the country. The colonies and the mother country were now at variance. The States declared their independence, and prepared for the struggle for liberty. Dark war clouds stretched over all the firmament, and this congregation bore its share of the calamities, as it afterwards reaped its portion of the blessings resulting from it. But war, under any circumstances, is a dreadful scourge; and upon none of the interests of life are its deleterious effects more deeply felt, than in its baleful influence upon religion. As soon as peace again blessed the land, the affairs of this church improved into a better condition than they had been at any previous era. There stood the substantial stone church; its walls and ceiling as yet unplastered; its aisles paved with flag stones; no floor beneath the pews, but merely a strip of board

to each pew, for the feet to rest upon, and the bare ground underneath. The pulpit—a small, round, old-fashioned pulpit—stood on the west side of the church, with an elevated pew on either side of it, for the elders and deacons. In the pulpit stood the minister; a man already in the prime of life, and verging toward old age; somewhat small in stature; slender in form; rather feeble in voice; not fluent in his utterance; but a man of ripe scholarship, educated in the universities of Europe; a man of mind, of goodness and piety. When he preached, the scriptures were thoroughly expounded, and practically applied to the hearers. He was mild in his disposition, warm in his affections, and laborious in his professional duties. His parish extended over a wide scope of country, but among all his numerous flock, he visited the sick, catechized the young, comforted the afflicted, and admonished the ungodly.

In those homely pews sat the congregation. They were plain men; not classically educated; not accomplished in the refinements of life. Upon their brows, and on their hands, they bore the marks of honest toil. They were, however, men of integrity; men whose word and promise could be relied on. Many of them loved their God, and all of them seemed to love their church. They were frugal, thriving farmers, mechanics, laborers, and a few merchants. Some of them were Nathaniels, in whom there was no guile. Turn to another part of the church, and see the women of that day; plain, modest and unobtrusive; listening devoutly to the word, to draw from it strength to bear the trials of life, and consolation to soothe its sorrows. Often were those meek eyes moistened with tears, and those subdued countenances bowed to the earth. Many of those mothers had passed through deep affliction, and had practically learned the vanities and sorrows of earth, in the heartrending scenes of the Revolutionary war. They had furnished recruits for the army. Their sons and husbands had bled in the cause of liberty. Some of them fell on bloody fields. And here was woman's devoted heart bleeding over the sacrifice. In another portion of the church were

the young ladies of that day. Look at them—young and fresh, with the rosy bloom of health upon their cheeks. They had not graduated in renowned seminaries of learning; but they had learned many useful things, notwithstanding. They had not enjoyed the advantages of boarding schools; but they were skilled in the mysteries of the kitchen and dining room. They could not, perhaps, have entertained an intelligent company in a fashionable parlor, with brilliant conversation; but they were accomplished in the fine arts of housekeeping. They were not arrayed in costly attire. They wore no Brussels veils, nor Canton crape shawls, nor brocade dresses; perhaps not even kid gloves; and when they walked the streets, no superfluous train of silk trailed at their heels; but many of them were clothed with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. They did not perform on the piano, nor trill through all the intricacies of an Italian opera song, but they were skilled in the practice of gardening, and in cases of emergency, could make a hand in the meadow or harvest field. They were not familiar with fashionable novels; but many of them had committed the catechism to memory, and could recite long chapters from the Bible. And when compared with their great grand-daughters, in one respect, they stand on immensely higher ground. Scarcely one of them attained her seventeenth summer without making a profession of faith in Christ. They pondered the words of the Savior, “whosoever confesseth me before men, will I also confess before my Father in heaven. But whosoever denieth me before men, him will I also deny before the Father and his holy angels.” A young lady of that day lost caste in christian society, if she refused to become a member of the christian church.

Such was the condition of the congregation for some years after the close of the war. Then came a period of degeneracy. During the latter years of Mr. Krug’s ministry, a faction arose in the congregation in opposition to the kind old pastor. This embittered his last years. He was born in Germany, March 19, 1732 (George Washington’s birth year). He took charge of this congregation when he was in his fortieth year;

and served it for twenty-five years, one month and two days. He died on the 30th of May, 1796, at the age of sixty-four years, two months and eleven days. His remains repose beneath the aisle of the old church.

His successor was Rev. Mr. Willbahn, who took charge of the congregation on the 4th of December, 1796, and continued in office till the 4th of June, 1798.

In the last year of the last century, there came from Germany a young man, a graduate of one of the Universities, an ordained minister, slender in person, graceful in his movements, polished in manners, and rather elegant and fashionable in the style of his dress. That young man was Rev. Frederick Moeller, who became pastor of this church on the 1st of December, 1799, the same month in which Washington died. While the country was shrouded in gloom, this congregation could mingle with their lamentations over the death of the father of his country, a note of joy in seeing their pulpit again supplied. Mr. Moeller, although thoroughly educated, was not an eloquent speaker. Highly respectable in talent, he was not remarkable for great grasp or originality of thought. Yet he possessed abundantly, all the requisite ability and scholarship to expound the word of God.

It was during his ministry that the tower and spire were put up, and the interior of the church considerably improved. In August, 1800, the church council contracted with Mr. Stephen Steiner to build and erect a steeple, for the sum of seventeen hundred dollars, and to make up any loss that he might sustain by the contract, to the amount of one hundred dollars. In the following year the work was completed.

The church was now well finished; the walls plastered; the floor laid; the pews comfortable; the steeple reared and pointing heavenward. The bells, of wonderful sweetness, hung in their place in the tower, ready to ring out their varied tones. For more than half a century, those bells, high up toward the blue heavens, "a neighbor to the thunder," have pealed forth the tokens of joy and of sorrow. At the close of the week, from the airy belfry, their tongues have spoken

the signal note on the approach of the Sabbath. And on the day of rest, how often have they not called worshippers to the house of God? How often have they rung out their cheering sounds upon the anniversary of our nation's liberty? As often as the old year has departed, and the new one entered, from their lofty tower they gave warning of the flight of time. How mournful some of the associations connected with those bells!

“From the steeple,
Tolls the bell!
Deep and heavy,
The death-knell!

Guiding with dirge-note solemn, sad, and slow,
To the last home, earth's weary wanderers know.

It is that worshipped wife—

It is that faithful mother!

Whom the dark prince of shadows leads benighted,
From that dear arm where oft she hung delighted.

Ah! rent the sweet home's union band,

And never, never more to come—

She dwells within the shadowy land,

Who was the mother of that home.”

Rev. Mr. Moeller retained the care of the flock for two years and six months. He resigned his charge on the 1st of June, 1802, and removed to Chambersburg. There he continued his pastoral labors for nearly thirty years. He subsequently removed to Ohio, and has long since entered upon his rest.

Next in succession came Rev. Frederick William Jazinsky, who commenced his labors as minister in charge in July 1802, and continued them until 1807—about five years. He was already beyond the meridian of life; yet neither his physical nor mental energies gave any symptoms of decay. He was a man of muscle and sinew; of nerve and spirit; of boldness and military address. Indeed it was said, that in his youth he was an officer in the army of Frederick the Great. But becoming pious, he gave up war for divinity. He was endowed with a full, round and strong voice. His manner in the pulpit was not bland, but rather stern. No insults were offered to

him, nor outrage perpetrated upon his premises. The rebellious spirits of the congregation doubted whether it would be safe to do so. They feared his early warlike spirit might be aroused; and in personal courage they knew him to be immensely their superior. He boldly rebuked the vestry, and held them up to ridicule before the whole congregation, for their inefficiency. Yet they endured it. The same characters who had insulted the kind-hearted Mr. Krug in his old age, and who had found fault with the young Mr. Moeller, because his step was too elastic, and his manners too polished, and his attire too fashionable, said nothing openly against the plain-spoken, harsh and denunciatory Jazinsky. They indeed disliked him more than the amiable ministers they had formerly persecuted. But now they thought "discretion the better part of valor." There was that in the man—his eye, and countenance, and bearing—that told them plainly, that he who had once commanded the conquering battalions of the great Frederick, had not come here to be their football. Their murmurs, therefore, were cautiously uttered; not in his hearing. You may imagine that although no flaw could be found in his christian character, nor want of pastoral fidelity, he was not a popular man.

On the 17th of July, 1808, Rev. David F. Schaeffer took charge of the congregation. He was then in the bloom and vigor of youth—in his twenty-second year. He was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and a student of theology under Drs. Helmuth and Schmidt. Although young, he was a man, a full grown man, six feet high: a man in body; a man in mind; a man in heart; a man in education and clerical deportment; a man in social feeling, and in practical life; one of the finest looking men in Maryland. He entered with zeal upon the discharge of his duties. He labored in season and out of season; in town and in the country; on the Lord's day, and during the week; in the pulpit and out of the pulpit; beside the sick bed and in the catechetical class. He soon won the confidence and affection of the people of his own church, and of the community at large. "He

was a man to all the country dear." He adapted himself so admirably to the social instincts of all classes and all ages, that while the serious and the refined were delighted with his company, the poorest and humblest thought their lowly dwelling far more cheerful when his familiar footsteps entered, and his benignant countenance beamed among them. The wicked and the worldly-minded had none but the kindest feelings for him, and

"Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile."

The church records show that during his ministry, the annual accessions by confirmation, and the number of communicants, of baptisms and marriages, were larger than they have ever been before or since.

Early in his ministry, the English language was introduced into the services of the church. In 1816 English service became a regular appointment. This was an important era in the history of the American Lutheran Church. This congregation was one among the first in the country, and the first Lutheran church in the State of Maryland to introduce that language into the services of the sanctuary. The measure was long resisted by the fathers, until at length they saw that it was absolutely necessary to the perpetuity of a Lutheran church in this land. Had it been introduced at an earlier day, the church would now number twice her present membership, and wield an influence equal to that of the strongest denominations of the country. Even as it is, the benefits resulting from the introduction of the English language, have been, and will yet be, incalculable. The infusion of the characteristics and elements of the Anglo Saxon race and tongue into the church, has been of great benefit. The best qualities of the English nation are thus acting upon the German character, and German theology and many of the noblest qualities of German nationality, are acting upon American character in the Lutheran church; and from the blending of these influences we may look for the noblest developments of christianity. In

the progress of the human race, it is a well established fact, that the noblest specimens of individual and national character and greatness, have sprung from the blending of nations or races, as in the case of the Greeks and Romans in ancient, and the English in modern times. Why should not the same principle hold good in christianity? And if so, what may not be expected from the Lutheran church in this country, which unites to the depth of German theology and the integrity of the German character, the revival spirit, as well as the practical energy of the Puritan? The Lutheran church in this country has a glorious destiny before her, if she will only be faithful to her mission.

This congregation was intimately connected with the General Synod in its early history. The first session of the General Synod was held in Frederick on the 21st of October, 1821. Dr. Lochman, of Harrisburg, was President, and Rev. D. F. Schaeffer, Secretary. The third convention of the General Synod was held in Frederick, November 6, 1825. Rev. Mr. Shober, of North Carolina, was President, and Rev. D. F. Schaeffer was Secretary. The first service of that Synod was the consecration of the church which had just been enlarged. The pastor of this congregation was also Secretary of the fourth convention of that body, in October, 1827, at Gettysburg, as well as of the convention in Hagerstown, 1829. The sixth meeting of the General Synod took place in Frederick, Oct. 1831, of which Rev. D. F. Schaeffer was President. He was also President of the General Synod in Baltimore, in 1833. You see from this, that for the first twelve years of the history of the General Synod, the pastor of this congregation, almost constantly held one of the highest offices in that body, and three of its conventions were held in this church.

The congregation having been greatly prospered for a period of fifteen years, became too large for the church. The north end of the house was taken down, and the church enlarged by an addition of twenty-eight feet, in the summer of 1825. The interior of the church was entirely remodeled, and the front improved, so that when completed, it was a beau-

tiful and commodious church, for that day, and met the wants of the congregation for a period of thirty years.

A very large number of ministers prosecuted their studies under the tuition of the pastor of this church, before the establishment of Theological seminaries. Among the number we find the following: Rev. D. J. Hauer, Dr. C. P. Klauth, Michael Meyerheffer, W. Jenkins, J. Winter, D. P. Rosenmiller, John N. Hoffman, Benjamin Keller, F. S. Schaeffer, Charles F. Schaeffer, John Kehler, Jacob Medtart, Emanuel Greenwald, Francis J. Ruth, Michael Wachter and Daniel Jenkins.

Some of those have gone to their rest. But most of them are still laboring in the vineyard of their Lord, and filling high posts of usefulness in our seminaries of learning, and as pastors of congregations.

Since the establishment of the institutions at Gettysburg, this congregation has furnished a goodly number of candidates for the ministry, viz: Rev. Jesse Winecoff, W. H. Harrison, Leonard Harrison, John J. Suman, James M. Harkey, Sidney L. Harkey, George J. Martz, George A. Nixdorff, Cyrus Waters, (now a clergyman in the Protestant Episcopal Church) J. Frederick Probst and Thomas W. Kemp. There is not, perhaps, another Lutheran congregation in the country, that has furnished the church, within the last forty-five years, with an equal number of able, efficient and faithful ministers of the Gospel.

The first religious periodical publication of the church in the English language, was issued from this place. It was "The Evangelical Lutheran Intelligencer, containing historical, biographical, and religious memoirs; with essays on the doctrines of Luther, and practical remarks and anecdotes, for the edification of pious persons of all denominations," published by the Synod of Maryland, edited by a committee, of which Dr. Schaeffer was chairman, and printed by Mr. G. W. Sharp, at the "Citizen" office. The Intelligencer was a monthly periodical, commenced in March, 1826, and continued for five years. The ministry of Dr. Schaeffer extended

over a period of more than twenty-eight years. He died on the 5th of May, 1837, aged forty-nine years, nine months and thirteen days. His remains repose beside those of his father and of his wife, in the congregational cemetery at the eastern end of Church street. The congregation erected over his grave, a plain neat marble shaft, as a monument to his memory. The records of the church show that during his ministry in this place, he baptized over two thousand infants, confirmed about fourteen hundred applicants for church membership, married about two thousand couple, and performed the funeral services of sixteen hundred burials. His pastoral career furnishes an exemplification of the immense influence wielded by kindness of heart, agreeable manners, and untiring industry in pastoral labor, on the part of a minister of the gospel. Some of his contemporaries, as well as successors in the sacred office, were endowed with an equal degree of mental power and eloquence, and attained an equal range of scholarship and culture, but he stands unrivalled in the Lutheran church in this country, of the present century, in his personal popularity and influence over the community in which he lived. Others have expended more labor upon their pulpit preparations, and expounded the scriptures with greater amplitude and force of appeal; but where is there a man within living memory, who could sway the minds of his parishioners and neighbors to the same extent that he could?

Rev. S. W. Harkey was installed pastor of this church on the 19th of February, 1837, and continued in office until August, 1850. His ministry is of too recent a date to require any farther notice on this occasion, and before this audience; for many of "you are his epistles known and read of all men."

This house, which we intend now to appropriate to the use of the Sunday School and the prayer meeting, is hallowed by a thousand sacred memories. In this church numbers have been awakened to a sense of the importance of religion. Here multitudes have been melted by the truth, and subdued by the Holy Spirit, while the power of the world to come has settled on their minds. The sighs of contrition have been

heard, the tears of penitence have fallen, and the raptures of pardon have been felt. At this altar scores of infants have been baptized, and hundreds of adults consecrated themselves to God in an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure. Here men have been ordained to the gospel ministry. At this table generation after generation of communicants have feasted upon that bread which comes down from heaven : and within these walls, for a century, congregations have been instructed, comforted and blest.

- 1 "Here to the High and Holy One,
 Our fathers early reared,
 A house of prayer, a lowly one,
 Yet long to them endeared,
 By hours of sweet communion,
 Held with their covenant God,
 As oft in sacred union,
 His hallowed courts they trod.
- 2 Gone are the pious multitudes
 That here kept holy time,
 In other courts assembled now,
 For worship more sublime ;
 Their children, we are waiting,
 In meekness Lord, thy call ;
 Thy love still celebrating,
 Our hope, our trust, our all.
- 3 These time-worn walls, the resting place
 So oft from earthly cares,
 To righteous souls now perfected,
 We leave with thanks and prayers ;
 With thanks for every blessing
 Vouchsafed through all the past,
 With prayers thy throne addressing,
 For guidance to the last."

